Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 20,—VOL. XVI. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1804. NO. 801.

THE RIGID FATHER.

[CONTINUED.]

He looked at me with anxious surprise, and I continued with the same tone of voice—"To this, Louis, to this horrible extremity have thy vices brought thee, that thou shouldest draw thy sword to murder thy father."

My words now reached his heart: he let his sword drop, and covered his pallid face with both his hands. I saw him stand thus for some moments, and then led Augusta to the carriage, which she entered trembling, and in a quarter of an hour we were at home.

She is a truly innocent and amiable creature. I send you herewith a letter to her mother which she has written: she gave it me open, and thus you have a copy of it. I have told her that Mr. Janson is not married to Miss Willmans, and have thus, in a great measure, dispersed the melancholy which oppressed her heart.

My son has shut himself up, and will speak to no person. Ah, Richter! Richter! a dream from a better world sometimes floats before my imagination. I see him come to me with a pale face and the expressive features of repentance, and I stretch out my arms to receive him—Unfortunate father that I am!

I send you the papers relative to the Willmans. How base are these people! I have seen the child of Miss Willmans. She is six years old. If you wish it, I can procure her, and send her to you at any time. I am in quest of Schocher. Augusta can tell me nothing which gives any light. She trusted herself to my son, because she thought herself deceived by Schocher.

LETTER XVII.

CHARLES JANSON TO HENRY MULLER.

Luneburg.

AGUSTA is found again, and happy. I have seen letters from her to her mother which bring this information, and my uncle likewise assures me of the same. But why does she not return? Who is this Bernstorf, with whom she now is? Her mother does not know him; and Augusta's letters are not written in such a manner as to diminish my anxiety. She sends her respects to me, and desires me to be informed that she is perfectly happy.—Who is this Bernstorf, in whose company she can so entirely forget that I am not with her? If I ask my uncle, he answers me, laughing—"A very rich man, and a worthy man, a man of sense and spirit—and a widower," adds he, significantly. I know not what I am to think of all this.

The brother and mother of Augusta seem now to want for nothing. The latter seems not to know whence the money comes from, and the former appears to be disconcerted and half offended if I ask him. You may judge if I have not cause for some anxiety. Augusta is perfectly satisfied and happy; her deliverer a rich man and a widower; her brother in his interests. I wished to write to her, but nobody could tell me her address; nobody not even her brother! She is perfectly happy, she says; and that she should not say though she were married to the rich and worthy man. Perfectly! Nothing then is wanting, and she thinks not of me. Oh, she would not be faithless to me, could I but speak to her! But her innocent simplicity is abused, and she will be rendered unhappy.

Farewell! I hope, however, at last to detect and frustrate all the plots that have been laid against me. But it may be I have not so firm a hold of her affections as I fondly hoped. I can write no more. Farewell.

LETTER XVIII.

M. BERNSTORF TO M. RICHTER.

Hamburg.

I HAVE my son again, friend Richter, and with a better heart than I had hoped. What an hour have I enjoyed! Can the feeble heart of man know a moment of greater bliss than that in which it is forgiven or forgives? Oh, my dear son! how delightful was it to me to pardon thee!

I daily made inquiries after him, and found that he lived retired in a house of the town; that he never went out, and scarcely ever saw any person. I found it difficult to leave him to his own heart and his own determination, but I could not act otherwise.

One morning, as I was sitting at breakfast with Agusta, the door of the apartment opened, and my son entered. Augusta started up to meet him, took him by the hand, trembling with emotion, and led him to me. She then threw her arms around my neck, as if to intreat my compassion for him, and immediately retired and left us alone.

He now addressed me in a tone and manner which could not but arouse all the better feelings of a father's heart.

"I come not," said he, "to entreat for your love; for, from the knowledge I have of your goodness and tenderness, I know that I must still possess it. I come not even to solicit your forgiveness; that, as far as I have offended, I must first deserve. If I cannot obtain, and prove that I am entitled to your esteem, it had been better that we had never again met. I will conceal nothing from you. That I may be justly accused of many giddy extravagancies, I mean not to deny; but never have I knowingly and deliberately been guilty of a criminal or a base action. No, my father, never! I have perceived that you thought me capable of this vileness, and the recollection of this has hitherto restrained me from even endeavoring to regain your esteem. You did me wrong: and, indignant at the injustice, I felt that I could renounce your affection, since I must have lost your esteem."

This, my friend Richter, was something very different from what I had expected. He must either be a most despicable and odious hypocrite, or he might still deserve my esteem and my warmest affection. With the fond hope which animates a father's heart, I gladly believed the latter.

"But," said I, "what am I to think of your connexion with Schocher?—of this last adventure with this innocent girl?"

He now gave me so clear, consistent, and credible an account of his intercourse with Schocher (or, as he called him, Luders—for he knew him by no other name), that I am convinced he was innocent of the base designs of which he might naturally have been suspected. Schocher had introduced him to Augusta, and he had suspected that her pretended guardian entertained no good intentions towards her. She had conceived the same suspicions, and had consented to go away with him, on his promise to convey her home to her mother. He became enamoured of her innocent simplicity; and appeared greatly affected and disappointed when I informed him that she was to be considered as the wife of another. He broke out into violent invectives against Schocher, who had positively assured him that there was no reason to suppose that she had the least engagement with any person whatever. Judge of my happiness in thus finding again my son, and finding at the same time that he was actuated by good and generous sentiments, when he seemed only to be impelled by base desires!

Augusta has consented to remain some time with me. I have procured for her tutors of the first ability, to assist her in attaining every useful and ornamental acquirement. She is extremely industrious, and desirous to learn. She already speaks and writes her own language with great accuracy and propriety, and has made a great progress in English and French. Her voice is particularly delicate and expressive, and she has made an inconceivable proficiency in music. She dances already with impressive grace; her deportment has in it an air of dignity, but her heart still retains its former humility. Permit her to continue here only a few months more, and she will become the most elegant and accomplished of her sex. Oh! how happy will your nephew be when I restore to him this lovely girl! I entreat you, Richter, let her remain with me some time longer.

LETTER XIX.

M. RICHTER TO M. BERNSTORF

Luneburg.

SEND me immediately the daughter of Miss Willmans: she will be very useful for the accomplishment of my designs. Make my congratulations to your son: I never expected less of him that you have found in him. Tell him that.—You left him to his own heart; to his own choice; and it has led him less astray than you had supposed. But you are incapable of dictating odious commands; and you know, too, that slaves cannot love. My brother-in-law cannot comprehend that.—You have been rescued by your own heart. Your son has never ceased to write to me; I know him well.

You shall continue to complete the education of Augusta, She shall remain with you a twelvemonth; but then——Though, perhaps, then, you may still continue to live with her. Who knows what I may do?—But I shall first endeavor to soften the hard heart of my brother-in-law.

Write to me, as circumstantially as you are able, an account of the speculation in the East-India trade, of which you have obtained information, and how far it is likely to be successful or unsuc-

ceſsful. At preſent I hear no more of it here, though I am much intereſted in it---but only in its failure, which would give me pleaſure. I will write to you further particulars another time.--- You will ſend the girl to our uſual correſpondent and agent.

LETTER XX.

CHARLES JANSON TO HENRY MULLER.

Luneburg.

The rich Mr. Bernſtorf, it ſeems, has found a ſon, too, whom Auguſta in her letter ſtyles the good! the worthy! the amiable!--- indeed they are as full of his commendations as his father's bags are of money.---Of me ſhe ſeldom ſays more than "Make my reſpects to Mr. Janſon!" Her mother, her brother, and even my uncle, preſerve a very myſterious ſilence with reſpect to her ſtaying ſo long where ſhe is, and her ſentiments towards me; but, with regard to the latter, I do not know how I can longer be in doubt. I awakened the ſenſations of her heart, and that was all: this young Bernſtorf is the happy lover. I will confeſs to you what I had rather conceal from myſelf.---To-dey I took an opportunity to mention young Bernſtorf before my uncle.

"He is," ſaid he, "a very worthy young man."

"His father is rich," ſaid I, in a tone that might ſhow his praiſes were not very agreeable to me.

"If I am not miſtaken," ſaid my uncle, "I have ſome letters from the young man."

He ſought for them, found, and read them He could not have taken a more certain method to increaſe my perplexity—for the ſenſe and ſpirit with which they were written, reduced me almoſt to deſpair. Sometimes I think I will write to Auguſta, and reproach her with her inconſtancy---but my heart tells me ſhe is innocent. I feel, with all the pangs of deſpair, that ſhe never can receive a reproach from me. Yet, by Heavens! I muſt and will write to her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SEE YONDER SOLEMN FOP!

HE and you were once in the ſame condition; and there, by his conduct, he confeſſed you to be his equal. Speak to him, and aſk why he ſtalks thus haughtily before you? He, with a look of diſdain, ſays he is above you; he has more money, better apparel, and a higher parentage than you poſſeſs. He alſo ſwears that he is handſomer than you, and is more beloved by certain frail mortals, whom he calls ladies. He farther inſiſts, that he oftener gets drunk, talks more fooliſhly, and blaſphemes more genteelly than you ever did, or even can do. He damns your learning and your virtue, and then ſtruts on. A ſtorm frolics, and his ſhips are ſunken. A fire ſports, and his treaſure is diſſipated. A wind blows, and his fields are blighted. All his proſpects are withered! Where are his friends? Alas, what is he now!

EXTRACT.

I have a friend, who is an ingenious man, a good chriſtian, and a private ſoldier. I attended him one evening to chaple. The preacher was no Cicero; and I aſked him what he thought of his ſentences. He replied; "in liſtening to the truths of religion, I never feel inclined to halt with criticiſm."

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MAY MORNING.

ARISE lovely Julia ariſe!
The ſpirit of darkneſs his rapid flight bends
To the caverns of death, where their horrible rites,
His gloomy attendants perform.

The ſhadows of night diſappear,
No more from yon dark frowning tow'r the dun owl
And the raven in myſtical uniſon--hoarſe
Give their ominous ſcreams to the wind.

Ariſe lovely Julia ariſe!
The dawn of Aurora peeps o'er the hills,
The miſts from the mountains are paſſing away,
And the heavy daw ceaſes to fall.

The orient ſparkles with gold;
The Sun from the waves has uplifted his head,
And cloudleſs he wheels his bright courſe thro' the ſkies,
To cheer all the world with his ſmiles.

The lark ſweetly warbles aloud!
His beautiful pinions he joyfully ſpreads;
And ſoaring he hails the great ruler of day,
With the ſong of contentment and love.

The breeze ſoftly whiſpers along:
And ſoftly the foreſt trees nod their tall heads,
With dew-drops beſpangled, the ſweet ſpringing flow'rs,
Breathe a delicate fragrance around.

Slowly breaks the white foam of the ſea,
Light dancing the ſun-beams its ſurface glide o'er,
The breeze gently raiſes the bright ſparkling wave,
And its curling top rolls to the ſhore.

Half viewleſs the tall bark appears,
And proudly unfurling her wide ſpreading ſails,
O'er oceans calm boſom majeſtic ſhe moves,
Fading faſt from the lingering eye.

The ſoul in amazement is loſt,
Expanding it ſprings to the bliſsful abodes,
Where gratitude lifts the ſoft boſom of love,
Exulting to Heaven's high throne.

Then ariſe my ſweet Julia ariſe!
The morning invites you to pleaſure and health---
Let your artleſs ſoar on the wings of the wind,
To Him the great ruler of all.

New-York, May 16, 1807. D. M. C.

LINES TO A PERFIDIOUS LOVER.

FAREWELL! lov'd youth; for ſtill I hold thee dear,
Though thou haſt left me friendleſs and alone;
Still, ſtill thy name recalls the heartfelt tear
That haſles Matilda to her with'd-for home.

Why leave the wretch thy perfidy hath made
To journey cheerleſs through the world's wide waſte?
Say, why ſo ſoon does all thy kindneſs fade,
And doom me thus Affliction's cup to taſte?

Ungen'rous deed!---to fly the faithful maid
Who for thy arms abandon'd ev'ry friend:
Oh! cruel thought, that Virtue, thus betray'd,
Should feel a pang that death alone can end.

Yet, I'll not chide thee---and, when hence you roam,
Should my ſad fate one tear of pity move---
Ah! then, return; this boſom's ſtill thy home;
And all thy failings I'll repay with love.

Believe me, dear, at midnight, or at morn,
In vain exhauſted nature ſtrives to reſt;
Thy abſence plants my pillow with a thorn,
And bids me hope no more on earth to reſt.

But if, unkindly, you refuſe to hear,
And from deſpair thy loſt Matilda ſave,
Ah! don't deny one tributary tear
To gliſten ſweetly o'er my early grave.

ON THE DEATH OF MUCH-BELOVED WIFE.

SWEET Juliet, fare the well!---but why this prayer?
Ally'd to Heaven, thou ſurely muſt be there,
Grant me, Almighty Power, that I may trace
Her path, to meet her in that Bleſſed place;
Where tears and grief ſhall all be done away,
And heart-felt joys be one eternal day;

The following tender and delicate little ſtory is from Anderſon's Recreation in Agriculture, &c. under the head of "Travelling Memorandums."

AT a village not a hundred miles from Shrewſbury, I overheard the following converſation: "I would give my heart," ſaid a handſome young man to a beautiful girl who ſat beſide him---"I would give my heart Suſan, for one kind kiſs of thoſe bewitching lips of thine, were it not that I have no heart to give; it has been gone from me a long while." "And pray," ſaid Suſan, with an arch expreſſive look, "where hath that roving heart of thine ſo long concealed itſelf?"---"You little enchanting rogue," ſaid he, with an emphatic look, which met her conſenting eyes, "and you pretend not to know where it has been!" then claſping her in his arms, he imprinted upon her lips a warm extacic kiſs, expreſſive of the ſofteſt rapture. After ſhe had a little recovered herſelf, with a ſweeter bluſh ſuffuſing her cheek than ever Aurora yet diſplayed---"Well Robin," ſaid ſhe, "I alſo would give my heart to have back that kiſs again, were it in my power to give: but alas! it has gone, and I fear will never more be in my power." "And when did this little wanderer take flight?" ſaid he, "and where hath it taken its abode ſince it left thee!" "It made its eſcape." ſaid ſhe, the moment I knew I had poſſeſſion of yours; for no ſooner did I feel it warm within my breaſt, than it filled it ſo entirely, that I could find no place for any thing elſe; ſo off it flew directly, and here it took refuge, (putting her hand upon his breſt:) feel how the little flutterer friſks about in its new abode. It is a kind little heart, Robin," ſaid ſhe concealing her face upon his boſom, "and will ever prove true to you." "Bleſſings upon thee, my lovely Suſan," ſaid he, preſſing her tenderly in his arms, and gently leaning his cheek upon her's, the rapturous tear flowing copiouſly down, "for now you have made me the happieſt of mankind."

Bleſſings upon you both, ſaid I, retiring---and bleſſings upon thee, Mr. Editor, and bleſſings upon all mankind.---My heart is full; for is there any pleaſure we feel equal to that of participating in the bliſs which is the reward of innocence and virtue?

USE OF MONEY.

SINCE money has become the ſign of our wants, and their exchange, every thing muſt neceſſarily be ſold and purchaſed. The general, the officer and the ſoldier ſell their limbs and lives; and what are taxes, exciſe and duties, but the wages of our governors?---Why then ſhould an author be aſhamed to ſell his works? Why ſhould it be thought, that fame ſhould be the only ſalary of a writer? Why ſhould an author be aſhamed to ſell his diſcoveries, or to ſet a price upon his own ideas? And why ſhould a people collectively receive, gratis, leſſons and advice, for which they muſt pay a price as individuals?

SCRAP.

"I touch the hand of the perſon next me," ſays Werter, "I feel it is made of wood."---Alas! how often in the commerce of the world does one find this hand of wood! and how often in the courteſies of life!---Offer your hand to Candidus; and he holds out one finger. Offer it to Clericus; he perhaps coldly gives you two. Prætor gives you his whole hand; but it is wood ---wood indeed. While Benevolus with his hand at once meets yours.---There is heart and ſoul in the compreſſion; there is friendſhip in the very touch!

NEW-YORK, MAY 21, 1804.

THE number of Deaths in this City, for the week ending on Saturday last, according to the City Clerk's report, are adults 23—children 6—Total 29.

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On the 20th ult. a boat belonging to Danville, Pennsylvania, loaded with wheat, was stove nine miles above Harrisburgh. The property, and three men were lost—two of them had families, and the other was lately married.

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Cornelius Johnson, who, with five others, made his escape from the State Prison on the 18th of June, 1799, was taken up on Tuesday last at Middletown, New-Jersey, brought to this city, and again lodged in the State Prison.

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All the convicts who escaped during the late conflagration at the State Prison, except William Griswold, have been taken, and lodged in the prison.

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IMPORTANT.

By Captain Calvert, of the ship Maria, arrived at Philadelphia from Cadiz, we are favored with a copy of the following important letter from Commodore Preble to John Gavino, Esq. our Consul.

U. States frigate Constitution, Syracuse Harbor, Feb. 7, 1804.

JOHN GAVINO, Esq.
Consul of the United States.

DEAR SIR,

I have the pleasure to announce to you the pleasing intelligence of the capture and destruction of the Tripoline frigate of forty guns, late the United States frigate Philadelphia, by the U. States Ketch intrepid of four guns and seventy men, commanded by captain Decatur of the Enterprize, who volunteered his services on the occasion.---It is to be regretted that she was so situated, that it was impossible to have brought her out.

On the night of the 3d of January, the brig Syren, capt. Stuart, and Ketch Intrepid of 4 guns, fitted for the purpose and commanded by Capt. Decatur, with seventy volunteers, from the squadron, sailed for Tripoli, with orders to burn the frigate in that harbor---They this day returned, having executed my orders much to my satisfaction.

On the night of the 16 ult. capt. Decatur, entered the harbor of Tripoli, with the Ketch, laid her along side the frigate, and in a gallant and officer like manner, boarded and carried her against all opposition.---After gaining complete possession, he proceeded to fire her with success, and left her in a blaze, in which she continued until she was totally consumed. He had none killed and only one wounded. The Tripolitans had between twenty and thirty men killed on the deck.---One large boat load made their escape. some men ran below and perished in the flames: but the greatest part jumped overboard.---She was moored close to the batteries, with all her guns loaded, and two of her corsairs full of men, lay within half musket shot of her. A fire was kept upon the Ketch by the Batteries, Bashaw's Castle, and Corsairs. Not a musket or pistol was fired by our men, every thing was settled by the SWORD.

The Syren anchored without she harbor to cover the retreat of the Ketch, and sent her boats to assist, but unfortunately they did not arrive in season, as the business was accomplished, and the Ketch on her way out, before the boats did meet her. Had they got in sooner, it is probable some of the Tripolitan Corsairs would have shared the fate of the frigate. Very respectfully, I am,

Dear Sir, Your obedient servant,
EDWARD PREBLE.

—

Extract of a letter from a midshipman, dated in prison, Tripoli, Nov. 22, 1803, to his friends in Philadelphia.

"In my last to you I mentioned, that in consequence of the Tripolitan Captain's letter to the Bashaw, we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to march to the Castles, as we supposed to the apartment of the Bashaw, to undergo another examination: but in the morning following, when the guard arrived, we were conducted to the prison, where our men are confined, and informed by the guard, that it was to be our prison in future by order of the Bashaw, to retaliate for the treatment his subjects received while on board the John Adams. The prison has been formerly the Bashaw's smoke-house, and the most wretched looking place I believe he could find; however, in the evening we were ordered back to our old prison, but a palace to the Castle, in consequence of the French and Danish Consuls having interceded in our behalf. Since then we have all been closely confined as before. Our chief support is sleep; we mostly retire to rest at 7 o'clock, and in the morning when we awake, the iron bars around the windows pronounce too plainly that we are prisoners.

—

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Hancock county, Georgia, to his friend in North Carolina, dated the 6th ult.

"Yesterday about two o'clock in the afternoon, a tremendous tornado of a mile and a half in width, the most dreadful which has ever visited the state, passed within a mile of this place. In its passage of 20 miles from the Oconee it put a period to eight lives, and crippled and wounded upwards of fifty persons, some of whose lives are despaired of. Ten dwelling-houses and a number of barns and out-houses were razed to the ground, and scarcely a roof which its course and breadth included, was left on a house. Not a tree of any tolerable size can be seen standing in its track. Cabbage, stocks not six inches long, and pine stumps not waist high, were torn up by the roots; beds, books, and other furniture, were carried off, and no traces of some of them to be seen or heard of. A large ox cart at Mr. Wood's was taken up, the wheels fell off after whirling 200 yards in the air, and the body was carried better than half a mile before it fell to the ground. Among the unfortunate sufferers a woman and child were carried away in the whirlwind, and have not been found nor heard of. Several horses, cattle, &c. were killed, and as our information is quite small, not knowing the distance it has gone to the east (as its course was from the S. W.) it is much to be feared that more damage has been done than we have any conception of.

The whirlwind was not more uncommon than the size of the hail that preceded it, some of which fell in this place, and weighed five ounces, measuring eight inches round, and some inclosing small pieces of pine limbs. These things may appear incredible, but they are no less strange than lamentably true."

25,000 *Dollars the highest prize.*

For sale by JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

TICKETS

In Lottery No. II. for the ENCOURAGEMENT of LITERATURE.

☞ TICKETS REGISTERED & EXAMINED.

COURT OF HYMEN.

"Why Marriage is a vortex,
That draws the weary and the wild in to it,
The reverend, white wig'd judge, the pert gay fop;
The priest, the plow-man, are all borne along
By passion's tempest or love's gentler gale.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. DANIEL RIKER, to Miss HELENA POLHEMUS, daughter of Mr. Abraham Polhemus, all of this city.

On Thursday eveinng the 10th inst. by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. GEORGE HOPSON, jun. of this city, to Mrs. MARY LAMB, daughter of John Moncrief, Esq. of Charleston, S. C.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. ANDREW HOSIE, to Miss ANN GERARD, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Austin, Mr. ICHABOD PRICE, of Elizabeth-town, to Miss SUSAN MOORE, of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. SAMUEL BARTON, to Miss SALLY PANE, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. JAMES SIMMONS, of this city, to Miss JANE VAN RYPER, of Patterson, New-Jersey.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgars, Mr. GARRET FURMAN, to Miss POLLY EATON, both of this city.

THEATRE.

Mrs. JOHNSON's BENEFIT.
ON MONDAY Evening, May 21, 1804,
WILL BE PRESENTED,
(Not acted here these 14 years), the celebrated Comedy of

The Brothers;

Or, The FORTUNATE SHIPWRECK.

Between the Play and Farce, a variety of entertainments.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,
(Not acted these 16 years,) the favorite Farce of

The Citizen.

The Evening's Entertainments to conclude with a Pantomimic Interclude, under the direction of Signor Bologna, entitled,

Pinxter Monday;

Or, HARLEQUIN's FROLICS.

SELECT CLASSES.

THE Subscriber purposes to begin a course of Geography and History, with the use of the Globes, on the 14th of this month, for Young Ladies, at his Academy, No. 19 Partition-street. This class to meet in the morning from 6 to 8, Another class from 11 till 1. In addition to Geography there will be given exercises in Grammar, Composition and Elocution, in order to complete an elegant English Education.

May 12. 1--tf. J. KAY.

LITERARY ACADEMY.

E. ELY respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his ACADEMY from No. 4 Front, to No 40 Partition-street, where he will continue to instruct young gentlemen in the languages, and several branches of useful and polite Literature. Mr. ELY will open a MORNING SCHOOL for young ladies in Geography, Lectures on the use of the Globes, Grammar, &c. Hours of attendance from 6 to 8, A. M.

May 5, 1804. 93--tf.

COURT OF APOLLO.

SONNET,

TO MY OLD FRIEND POVERTY.

HAIL old companion? ſad and ſlow I meet thee!
Forgive theſe tears---this backwardneſs to greet thee,
Though fate has bade thee guide my dreary way,
And time has fix'd thee mine forever,
Yet will I bleſs the happy diſtant day
That ſees our bonds and ancient friendſhips ſever.

Nor ſigh ſhall burſt, nor tear ſhall bathe my cheek,
When thou forſak'ſt mine humble habitation,
Yet my good wiſhes, ragged goddeſs meek?
Shall guard thee hence to ſeek another ſtation.

And when thou'rt gone to humble Folly's pride,
May weeds ne'er grow the path that from me leads thee,
And may thou ne'er find nor clew, nor mark, nor guide
To bring thee back, nor friend of mine that need thee.

EPITAPH,

On a perſon in the Country, who occaſionally performed the buſineſs of TAYLOR and BARBER.

IN a timber ſurtout here are wrapt the remains
Of a Mower of Beards and a Uſer of Skains;
'Twas the Shears of grim death cut his Stay-tape of life
And preſs'd him away from Twiſt, Razors and Wife;
But the pray'r of all people he Sew'd for or Shav'd,
Is that he's with the Remnant of thoſe that are ſav'd.

The following Epitaph was written by a country wit on a young man, whoſe name was CALF.

ALL Chriſtian men in his behalf,
Pray for the ſoul of Maſter CALF;
For cruel Death, that ſubtle fox,
Let him not live to be an ox---
To crop Love's roſe, or taſte its thorns,
Or feel, perhaps, the curſe of horns.

ANECDOTE

A Countryman who had often ſeen a puppet-ſhow at his village, having come up to town, went for the firſt time in his life to ſee a play. When he heard people around him applauding the performers, he looked on them with great contempt---"What," ſaid he, "are you ſuch fools as to take them for men and women; if you have been behind the ſcenes as I have been, you would ſee them hanging upon wires."

REMARK.

THE bill at the grog ſhop or tavern is paid cheerfully without even examining the items; the butchers with ſome reluctance; the phyſicians with ſtill more reluctance; and moſt of all the ill fated author's, who employs his time and talents to cure the diſeaſes of the mind.

LIQUID BLACKING

TICE's improved ſhining liquid blacking for boots and ſhoes and all leather that requires to be kept black, is univerſally allowed the beſt ever offered to the public, it never corrodes nor craks the leather but renders it ſoft, ſmooth and beautiful to the laſt, and never foils. Black morocco that has loſt its luſtre is reſtored equal to new by the uſe of this blacking. Sold wholeſale, retail, and for exportation, by J. Tice, at his perfumery ſtore, No. 136 William-ſtreet, and by G. Camp No. 148 Pearl-ſtreet, where all orders will be thankfully received, and immediately executed.

To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bottle will be ſigned J TICE in writing, without which they are not genuine.

J. Tice has likewiſe for ſale, a general aſſortment of perfumery of the firſt quality. Dec. 17.

WANTED -- To do the houſe-work of a ſmall family a young woman, either white or black, who can bring good recommendations. Apply at this office.

MORALIST.

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG WOMEN.

PRIDE, ignorance, folly and affectation, ſink women ſo low in the eyes of men, that they eaſily diſpenſe with themſelves from a ſtrict obſervance of thoſe delicate attentions, and reſpectful regards which the ſex in general claim by the politeneſs, but which ſenſe and diſcernment never pay to the trifling part of it.

It is agreed on all ſides, that the ſure ſupports of conjugal felicity are the unreſerved friendſhip and mutual eſteem of the parties; now it is an axiom, that friendſhip cannot exiſt but between virtuous minds; and ſurely no dreams of a lunatic were ever more viſionary, than to ſuppoſe there can be any abiding pleaſure without virtue, ſince in our ſyſtem of being there is nothing durable but the conſequences of it.

Many a thoughtleſs female, who deſpiſed all conſiderations but rank and riches, ſerves only to exhibit a wretched ſpectacle of their inſufficiency.

The trueſt ſatisfactions in life are not neceſſarily connected with great eſtates, but are to be found among perſons of all conditions, whoſe lives are governed by ſenſe and virtue.

The polite attatchments too frequently give young ladies in a middling ſtation an unhappy propenſity to diſſipation and pleaſure, and indiſpoſe them to the ordinary and neceſſary occupations of life. It may be uſeful to conſider what probability there is, that an appetite for diſtinction may be gratified, and then examine what ſuperior happineſs ſuch envied diſtinctions neceſſarily confer.

CARPETS AND CARPETING.

BANCKER & MOORE,

No 192 BROADWAY.

HAVE juſt received and offer for ſale 23 bales of ingrained and common Carpeting---Alſo a very handſome aſſortment of the following articles, which they will diſpoſe of on reaſonable terms:

4-4, 5-4, 6-4 and 7-4 white, black, and colored SilkShawls,
Elegant Damaſk Triangular Silk Shawls,
Fine French Cambrics Long Lawns,
Fine undreſſed Iriſh Linens,
Common ditto,
Iriſh and Flemiſh Sheeting,
Ruſſia and Iriſh Diapers, Table Cloths,
Marſeilles Quilts and Cotton Counterpanes,
White, black, and colored Silk Hoſe, ſandal'd and plain clocks
White, black, and colored Cotton Hoſe,
Engliſh and French long and ſhort Silk Gloves,
Picnic Gloves and Mitts,
White and colored extra long French Kid Gloves,
White and colored half Silk Hoſe,
Fine black Bombazets and Bombazeens,
Tortoiſe Shell and Ivory Stick ſpangled and plain Fans,
Black and colored Crape and common ditto,
Scarlet, blue, yellow and chocolate Bandannas,
Black Crapes, Modes, Pelongs and Sarſnets,
Engliſh, French, Italian and India Luſtrings,
Green Parafols, netted fringe,
Fancy ditto, ditto lined,
Tamboured and plain Muſl Muſl Muſlin,
Figured and plain Cambric Muſlins,
Rattinets, Callimanccos, Shalloons, Moreens, Taboreen and Wildbores,
Fine German Bed Bunts, Brown Hollands,
Furniture Chintz and Calicoes,
Engliſh and Dutch Laces and Edgings,
Elegant Lace Cap Crowns,
Black Patinet Laces,
Lace Cloaks and Cloak Patterns,
Triangular Lace Shawls,
Superfine Chintzes and Calicoes,
Furniture and Petticoat Dimities,
Superfine and common Cloths and Caſimers,
White and colored Marſeilles Blue Nankeens,
And a variety of other ſtaple and fancy articles.

April 28 1804 -98 tf

FOUND on Monday laſt a POCKET BOOK, whoever has loſt the ſame may have it by proving property and applying at this Office. May 5, 1804.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

TO THOSE WHO ARE AFFLICTED WITH THE

TOOTH-ACHE.

Extract of a letter recently received,

'GENTLEMEN,

"I had been tormented with the moſt excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being ſtrongly recommended to try BRADWELL's TOOTH-ACHE DROPS, I procured a bottle and applied them accordingly to the directions and alſo bathed the ſide of my face with them, which was exceeding ſore, occaſioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I had applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceaſed, and has never troubled me ſince. I feel real pleaſure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for ſo happy a diſcovery, but enſure the public confidence in a medicine ſo highly deſerving, and from which mankind are likely to derive ſuch eminent ſervices. It is certainly the moſt efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permiſſion to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,
No. 15 Thomas's ſtreet, New-York.

SOLD, Wholeſale and Retail, Meſſrs. STOKES & Co's Patent and Family Medicine Store, 433 Pearl-ſtreet; and at Mr. James Oram's Book-ſtore, Water-ſtreet.

Where alſo may be had the following Genuine Medicines;

Chambaud's Pictyral Lozenges, for the cure of coughs, hoarſeneſs and all diſeaſes of the breaſt and lungs. To parents, who have children afflicted with the whooping cough, this medicine is of the firſt importance.

Bradwell's improved Scotch Ointment for the Itch the only medicine that cures that diſagreeable diſeaſe by one application, without mercury.

Eſſence of the Woods, an effectual cure for the ſcurvys, ſcrophula, king's evil, and all ſores and ulcers.

Aramatic Lozenges of ſteel, being a ſure remedy for debilities after long fevers, diſeaſes peculiar to females as ſpaſms in the ſtomach, hyſterical and hypocondriacal affections, and various direful complaints uſually called nervous.

☞ Druggiſts and Country Stores ſupplied on advantageous terms. March 24. 798 -3.

SEMINARY.

AS the partnerſhip of TOWNSEND KITCHELL, and MADAN will diſſolve, by mutual conſent on the firſt day of May, the ſubſcriber makes uſe of this method to inform the public, that he has taken the room, occupied, the laſt year, by Mr. Peter M'Lean, in Duane-ſtreet, oppoſite the Methodiſt Meeting Houſe; where he intends opening his ACADEMY, for the enſuing year. Encouraged by the ſucceſs he has hitherto met with, he preſumes to hope that his endeavors will ſtill be crowned with the approbation of his employers; and that he ſhall merit and obtain the patronage of an enlightened public

WALTER TOWNSEND.

New-York, April 2[illegible] 1804.

PATENT FLOOR-CLOTH MAUFACTORY

JOHN HARMER, takes this opportunity to inform the public, that he ſtill continues carrying on the above buſineſs and that he has procured a quantity of STOUT CANVAS manufactured for the expreſs purpoſe, from one to ſeven yards in width, together with other improvements, which will enable him to carry on the buſineſs on a more extenſive and perfect plan than he has heretofore had it in his power to do; and is now able to ſerve his cuſtomers with this kind of FLOOR-CLOTHS to any plan or dimenſion equal in quality and elegance of figure to any imported and in much ſhorter time and cheaper rate.

N. B. Thoſe ladies and gentlemen, who wiſh to be ſupplied with the above articles for the approaching ſummer, will do well to forward their orders ſoon, that the Cloth may be immediately executed, to be ready in the ſpring, as ſome time is neceſſary for ſeaſoning.

☞ Orders left at Oſborn and Van Noſtrand's, No 7 Beekman Slip, New-York, or at the Factory, in Brooklyn Long-Iſland, will be aſſiduouſly attended to. Dec. 17

NEW-YORK,

PRINTED AND EDITED

BY JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.